ABILENE REFLECTOR

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THE WATERFALL.

Not far away, in a quiet spot,
Where oft I go when my head is hot
And my feet are tired, is a waterfall
That dashes over a garden wall.
And this is the song it sings to me:
"True, true to eternity."

Sometimes I go in the winter snow,
When the icicles hang like coral row,
Chiseled and planned by a master hand,
Greater than any magician's wand:
And then, as ever, it sings to me:
"Pure, pure to eternity."

Sometimes when meadows are fair to see
And the bride of the zephyr, anemone,
Is nestling under the leaves of spring,
With the violets blue as a bluebird's wing,
'Tis then the waters sing sweet to me;
"Hope, hope to eternity."

And oft in summer at sunset hour,
When the soul communes with a higher power,
And the foaming waters are gold and red,
Taking the hue of the heavens o'erhead,
Then softer than ever it sings to me:
"Peace, peace to eternity."

I should like when I go to the world above,
Where the birds will sing, and the trees I love
Will shade me ever, to hear the song
Of the waterfall, as it glides along,
Unchanging ever, the same to me:
"True, true to eternity."

—*Sarah K. Bolton, in Cleveland Leader.*

DANIEL BOONE.

Biographical Sketch of This Remarkable Pioneer.

This hero of the wilderness was born a Quaker. His grandfather, George Boone, with his nine sons and two daughters, emigrated from England in 1717, and settled upon a farm in Buck's County, Pennsylvania, upon the banks of the Delaware, near where the city of Bristol now stands. The family joined the ruling religious denomination of the region, and thus became Quakers.

One of the sons, named Squire Boone, married a fair Quakeress of the wilderness, and in the records of the vicinity may still be read the names of their children, and the dates of their birth. From one of these entries we learn that Daniel Boone was born on the 22d of "eighth month" (August), 1734.

That was about the time when Benjamin Franklin was beginning to thrive in business at Philadelphia, as printer and editor, Philadelphia being then little more than a pleasant, shady village of five or six thousand inhabitants. Indians were continually seen in its street, and bears, wolves, wild turkeys and deer were shot within ten miles of the State House. Where Daniel Boone grew up, twenty miles above Philadelphia, the country was still almost a wilderness, in which were to be found panthers, wolves and bears, as well as abundance of smaller game. He was wholly a child of the woods. He lived and died a pioneer.

By a fortunate chance an Irish school-master came into the neighborhood during his boyhood, and his father engaged him to teach his own and his neighbor's children to read and write. Daniel must have improved this opportunity, for the letters which we have from his pen are very well written and composed. But it was in the lore of the woods that he became most deeply versed. He was an excellent shot. He learned to track the panther to his hiding-place. He became an adept in all the arts by which life is maintained in the wilderness against savage men, savage beasts and wild nature.

It is a strange thing, and fortunate for the development of the country, that a pioneer becomes discontented when the first difficulties of the situation are overcome, and neighbors begin to gather about him. He then has an unappeasable desire to break up his home, move westward, and go again through the hardships of creating a farm.

When Daniel was fourteen years of age the mania to remove seized his father, and they went seven hundred miles to the southwest, and settled upon the Yadkin river, in the northwestern part of North Carolina. The party consisted of father, mother and nine children, most of whom must have been transported on horseback, and all of them maintained on the way by the rifles of the father and his elder son. There was a considerable movement of emigrants in that direction at the time, the lands in that region being extremely fertile and attractive, as they remain to this day.

It was here, in the wild woods of Western Carolina that Daniel Boone grew to manhood, and, at the age of twenty-one, built his own log hut, established his own farm, and married the daughter of his father's nearest neighbor. This happy event occurred just as he had begun his twenty-first year.

But now again neighbors began to be unpleasantly numerous, and they were of a kind by no means congenial with this family of Pennsylvania Quakers. Most of them were Scotch-Irish, and among them were the relatives and ancestors of Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun. They brought with them a strong Scotch accent, and various habits and notions offensive to the Boones, besides introducing a more expensive style of living than that to which the pioneers were accustomed.

From the door of his log hut Daniel Boone could see the peaks of the Alleghany mountains, six thousand feet above the plain, a barrier which had yet been seldom crossed by white men. Of the regions beyond, the Indians brought glowing accounts; and, at length, John Finley and two or three companies crossed the mountains, and brought back such a description of the land beyond (Tennessee and Kentucky) that Daniel Boone determined to see it with his own eyes, and select a home for himself in that garden of the world. With five companions he set out and spent several months in leisurely traversing the country, in the course of which they had all the usual adventures, including a week's captivity among the Indians.

In due time he led forth a little band of emigrants, consisting of four families, twenty-six men, four women, and four or five children, who settled at a place on the Clinch river, which they named Boonesborough. Here he lived for several years, defending himself and his family with admirable vigilance, courage and tact against the wiles of the Indians. During the Revolutionary War all the Indians on the continent were in agitation, and for the first three years of the contest, British influence being paramount, the Western settlements were never safe from attack. Only a few days after the Declaration of Independence a daughter of Daniel Boone and two of her playmates were paddling in a canoe opposite Boonesborough, when five Indians sprang from an ambush and carried them away with them into the wilderness. Boone being absent at the time, it was not until daybreak the next morning that he and three friends could start in pursuit. But by ten o'clock they came upon the party of Indians while they were halting for breakfast. They gave one fire, rushed upon them, put them to flight, and recovered the terrified and sobbing girls.

During that bloody time two of his sons and a brother fell under the rifles of the savage foe, and he himself spent considerable time as a prisoner among one of the tribes, escaping just in time to conduct the defence of Boonesborough against a most formidable attack. For about ten years the settlers of Kentucky waged almost incessant war against the Indians, and wherever the danger was greatest, there Daniel Boone was sure to be, conducting the defense or heading the attack.

He stood six feet two; his chest was broad, his limbs muscular, and his whole form powerfully and symmetrically developed. His temperament was tranquil and cool, incapable of worry, anxiety, or fear; a man of few words and quiet demeanor, who never could be disconcerted or pertubed. He could stick a nail into a board, and at a distance of forty paces drive it home with a bullet. He could bring a squirrel down from a lofty tree, without hitting it, by the mere shock of the bullet passing close to its head.

In a dark night he could snuff a candle at a distance of forty paces, three times out of seven—a peculiarly difficult feat. He was equally expert in all the ways of capturing game, tracking Indians and guarding against surprise. At the same time he had a constitution that could endure incredible fatigue and privation. On one occasion he walked a hundred and sixty miles in four days and nights, upon only one meal.

The last years of this heroic man were at times clouded with misfortune. When he and his brave companions had rendered Kentucky a safe and inviting dwelling place, he was astounded one day by the sheriff coming to his cabin and telling him that he had no legal right to the lands upon which he had lived so long. And so, indeed, it proved. He could not understand how any man could have a right to his farm superior to his own.

"My footsteps," he wrote upon this subject, "have oft enbeen marked with blood. Two darling sons and a brother have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness."

All true. And yet the case went against him in the courts, and he lost his farm. After this he went to Virginia, and lived some years a hunter's life in the woods. But, by and by, the spirit of the pioneer revived within him, and, at the age of sixty-one he traversed the whole breadth of Kentucky, and joined his son who had opened a farm near the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, not far from the village of St. Louis. He was now a subject of the King of Spain, and the Spanish Governor made him commander of his district and gave him eight thousand acres of land.

But ill-luck pursued him. A few years after, when all this country was ceded to the United States, he lost his land through not having complied with some formalities; and, of course, he lost his office as well. Congress, however, some years later, when he was seventy-nine years of age, made him a grant of eight hundred and fifty acres of land in Missouri, upon which he lived in peace and plenty, surrounded by affectionate grandchildren.

Audubon, who visited him in Missouri, speaks of him as a magnificent specimen of manhood; and another son of the wilderness who visited his cabin when Boone was past eighty, testifies to his venerable and winning appearance, neatly dressed in garments woven and made in his own cabin.

"His countenance," says this friend, "was pleasant, calm and fair; his forehead high and bold; and the soft silver of his hair was in unison with his length of days. He spoke feelingly and with solemnity of being a creature of Providence, ordained as a pioneer in the wilderness to advance the civilization and the extension of his country."

To the end of his days he repaired rifles, carved powder horns, made moccasins and snow shoes, and liked no feast so well as a slice of venison toasted at the end of a ramrod. He even made his own coffin, and kept it under his bed for several years. He died in 1820, aged eighty-six. His remains now repose at Frankfort, in Kentucky, where a monument marks his last resting-place.—*James Parton, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A Moving Dialogue.

Tenant—This house to rent?

Landlord—Yes'm. Don't it say so in the window?

Tenant—Humph! Any sewer gas?

Landlord—I don't understand you, ma'am.

Tenant—Is the plumbing good?

Landlord—You can see for yourself, ma'am (insinuatingly). You look as if you could appreciate a good job of plumbing when you see it.

Tenant—Thank you. Did anybody ever die in any of the rooms?

Landlord—I don't understand you, ma'am. Mrs. DeSmith Jones has just moved out.

Tenant—Oh! did *she* live here?

Landlord—Yes, ma'am; those marks on the walls are where she hung her extra dresses.

Tenant—I'll take the house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Paper is now used in the construction of chimneys. It is made into blocks which are joined with cement.

WHIMS OF STUDENTS.

Princeton Boys Making Pets of Reptiles of Every Description.

The whims of collegians are like whims of women, about which so much is written these days. That is, there are lots of them and they are decidedly unique. Princeton has as many as Yale, Harvard and Columbia have. A few years ago it was fashionable for every prosperous student to have an old-fashioned clock or a spinning wheel in his room. These relics of forages among the orchards and farmyards were the craze. Now it is the fad in all the big colleges to have some sort of a pet. Dogs are favorites, of course, and so are horses. The horses can be readily kept in livery stables. Dogs are not allowed on the campus and so they have to be kept concealed in the rooms or farmed out somewhere in town. Parrots, canary birds and goldfish are also the caper among the younger classmen. But it was a young collegian from Pittsburgh that started the oddest craze several years ago. Perhaps it isn't fair to call it a craze, for it was never generally adopted. Since the Pittsburgh student left others have imitated his example, but never very successfully. He always had his room full of snakes. He always carried one or more of the reptiles on his person. He had the utmost control over them and was never so happy as when he had three or four in his pockets and over a dozen scattered about his apartments.

The greatest thing the Pittsburgh student did was to have snake fights on the campus, early in the summer, as the boys were returning after supper. He would select two large black snakes, say five feet long, and then so annoy them that they would rush upon each other. The cry of "snake fight" through the campus would draw a hundred fellows in less than five minutes. A ring would be formed, bets would be made and the excitement was as intense for the time being as though Sullivan and Mitchell were at work. The reptiles usually fought until one or both were mortally injured. O'Neil could charm the snakes. He often made them obey the direction of his eye or voice. As a number of the reptiles were very poisonous, he extracted the sting from most of them, but he always kept several that were dangerous. These were his especial pets and were kept about his person. Yet he was never known to be stung. Of course the Pittsburgher was a rare sort of student. Every class doesn't have its snake charmer. But it is understood that a mild form of the snake craze is again prevalent. Long black snakes, with their fangs removed, are favorites. O'Neil's old fad of feeding his snakes with frogs inside the glass-inclosed fireplace is reported to be in vogue in several apartments. The man with the fad enjoys the excitement and has as much fun as the average collegian extracts from his horse or his dog. But to the average student the idea of keeping snakes causes creeping sensations every time it is suggested. Fads are fads, however, and the college is entitled to its own peculiar craze.—*Princeton (N. J.) Letter.*

REMARKABLE BRAVERY.

A Few Stories of Courageous Acts Done in the Franco-Prussian War.

Every great war is followed by a harvest of anecdotes of bravery, which find the light only by degrees. The anecdotal history of our great civil war has yet scarcely been completed. In France there has lately appeared a book entitled: "Frenchmen and Germans," which contains many stories of brave acts done in the war of 1870, some of which are well worth recording.

At the battle of Forbach, on August 6, 1870, when the French under Frossard were badly beaten by the Germans under Prince Frederick Charles, three pieces of artillery had been abandoned by the French. Two officers and some soldiers, thinking they saw a chance to recover them, made a desperate charge upon them in the face of a perfect rain of fire from the machine guns of the Germans.

They succeeded in getting possession of the guns, but found under one of them, writhing with wounds, the commander of the battery, Lieutenant Chabord. The little troop left their work of rescuing the guns to help and bear away the wounded officer.

"No!" Chabord exclaimed. "Save my poor guns first, and then you may think about me, if you have time."

This brave speech was quite equalled by that of an artilleryman who also lay bleeding and dying near the commandant of the battery. Seeing the inexperienced men hitching the horses to the cannon and preparing to drive away with them, he raised himself partly up and bawled out:

"To the right! Turn to the right!" Don't you see you'll get all tangled up?"

Then he sank down and died. His last thought had been for his gun.

During the retreat of the defeated French from Sarreguemines, an Alsatian in the French service, Kroetur by name, was cut off from his company, which, however, remained but a short distance away. He stood still, firing steadily at the enemy.

Presently a ball struck him in the shoulder; but in spite of the pain, he continued firing. By-and-by a ball struck his cap, knocked that off, and took a little piece of the scalp with it. Kroetur tied his handkerchief around his head, covering the wound and went on firing.

Presently he was struck a third time, and this time the ball carried away two of his fingers, and the shock was so severe that he fell to the ground. But in a moment he sprang up, struck the ground with the butt of his gun, and called out rather angrily:

"Ha, you villains! So you shoot at the same one every time, eh!"

An order from his superior officer had to be sent to Kroetur to come in, before, thrice wounded as he was, he would consent to abandon his perilous post.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—Tailor (taking his measure)—"Will you want one or two hip-pockets, sir?" Customer—"Two, of course." Tailor—"All right, sir; and how are things moving in prohibition matters, deacon?"—*Texas Siftings.*

EIGHT INDICTMENTS.

What "Triumphant Democracy" Has Accomplished in Three Years.

The other evening that Bourbonic reminiscence of the days of General Jackson called the Iroquois Club, of Chicago, gave its annual feed and drunk, and, of course, wound up the orgy by speech-making while the champagne was freely passing around. This annual gathering of the men who furnish brains for the Democratic party of Illinois, and pretend to possess what little character remains to that political organization, would be in no sense remarkable were it not that a man of eloquence and some pretense to culture was called out to respond to the sentiment of the "Triumphant Democracy." This man was General Black, a gentleman who achieved a good reputation as a volunteer officer during the war of the rebellion, and has since been recognized as a man of reasonably good instincts, until he allowed himself to be placed in such intimate personal and political relations with Grover Cleveland that his good qualities have become tainted by the association.

In addressing himself to the subject of "Triumphant Democracy" he took occasion to belie his political opponents and publicly slander the institutions of his country, but he forgot to enumerate what particular things the Democracy was triumphant in. Let the *Tribune* assist him by supplying, briefly, some of his omissions:

1. It is triumphant in restoring the control of the destinies of the Republic to the men who for four years struggled to destroy the Union.
2. It is triumphant in nullifying the National constitution by depriving the representatives of a race from participating in the rights of free men through an unfettered ballot.
3. It has been especially triumphant in disfranchising six hundred thousand American citizens in Dakota because they have the sturdy manhood and righteous common sense to vote the Republican ticket.
4. It has been triumphant in defending the ballot-box stuffers and tally-sheet forgers of Indiana and Ohio, though it has not been successful in preventing some of them from landing in the penitentiary.
5. It has been triumphant in negotiating a treaty with Great Britain which will, if indorsed by the Senate, bankrupt the sturdy American fishermen of the Atlantic coast.
6. It has triumphantly drawn from a tax-ridden people $15,000,000 of currency, and thus congested the vaults of the National Treasury, while the arteries of commerce throb feebly, threatening paralysis to the industries of the Nation.
7. It has reduced the efficient mail service of four years ago to the condition of the merest partisan machine, and made Civil-Service reform a phrase to be laughed at.
8. It has, in the department presided over by General Black himself, interposed delays in the payment of pensions, and formulated new and unheard of rules for their adjustment, until the comrades of this recreant soldier of the Union, their widows and orphans, have become the charity-pensioners of the town and county and a burden upon the common pauper-funds of almost every community in the land.

It is not for the want of material, but lack of space only which precludes the indefinite extension of this indictment. The Union soldiers, carrying honorable marks of Rebel bullets upon their persons, will not be proud of this eloquent Iroquois orator and hired defender of the Cleveland Administration. It is pitiful to see a good soldier so recreant to the noble cause for which he shed his blood as to become the champion and mouth-piece of the principles against which his young manhood warred. General Black holds what the world calls "position," but pays more than it is worth by becoming the attorney of a modern mongrel Democracy.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

CLEVELAND'S PLEDGES.

An Independent Religious Journal Exposes the President's Hypocrisy.

It is now quite evident that the candidate of the Democratic party in the coming campaign is to be Grover Cleveland. We do not say that it is not a fit nomination to be made by that party. We are inclined to think that the man and the party are exactly suited to each other.

As to the man, he stands at present on a level with his party. When he was nominated and elected he was hailed as a great political reformer, who would lift his party to a high position and give the country an improved system of public service. What has he done to fulfill his own pledges and the expectations of his original mugwump sponsors?

He gave a solemn pledge that the Government should be conducted on sound business principles. Men were to be retained in office for competency, experience and faithfulness, regardless of partisan efficiency. This pledge has been constantly, conspicuously and recklessly violated.

He gave his solemn pledge that fitness and not partisan efficiency would be the condition of appointment to office. This pledge has been trampled upon in a countless number of cases.

He declared that "public office is a public trust." What meaning has this declaration in the light of his Administration?

He laid down the rule that officeholders must not become perniciously active in politics. Within a few months thereafter he suspended and restored District-Attorney Benton, of Missouri, for taking the stump, while District-Attorney Stone, of Pennsylvania, was suspended and removed for doing precisely the same thing in a far less pronounced way. Benton was a Democrat, Stone a Republican. The rule, as thus modified, would seem to apply to Republicans only.

He said public employes have the right to insist that "merit and competency shall be recognized instead of party subservience, or the surrender of honest political belief." Out of over 56,000 offices about 43,000 were filled with Democrats in the first two years of the Administration. Thousands of competent and faithful employes now know, to their sorrow, that "merit and competency" are seldom, if ever, found outside the Democratic party. He has simply fallen back into the arms of his party, than which, before his election, he was said to be so much better.

His pledges were magnificent; his performances disgraceful.

His scheme of civil service was fine; its fulfillment a farce.

He sets out to lift the Democratic party; he ends by letting down the Government.

He began as a conspicuous reformer; he is ending as a conspicuous failure.

What are his claims on the suffrage of the country? Not reform, not good appointments, not patriotic unpartisanship. He has treated the country to a free-trade message, practically advocating a tariff "for revenue only" without proper regard to the principle of protection; he has made glad all England by giving the laurels to Canada on the fisheries treaty; he has lowered the tone of the Indian service and interfered unwarrantably with religious matters in the mission schools among the Indians—with which matters it is simply impertinent for him to meddle; he has allowed, and we believe now allows and firmly intends to allow, political circulars to issue from the Government departments in Washington. Such are his passports to the confidence of the people. We do not believe the people now want a man for President who is not a great deal better than Grover Cleveland.—*N. Y. Independent.*

WHERE WAS VOORHEES?

Character of the Man Who Now Desires to Pose as a Patriot.

Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, has just emitted a most eloquent tribute to the memory of McClellan and Hancock, and a perfervid denunciation of Ingalls, whom he describes as having "descended to the floor and attacked the memory of American heroes, who were sleeping where flowers and tears were annually mingled in commemoration, resting from their glorious lives in the bivouac of the dead." McClellan is described as "a Democrat who was stricken down by partisan malice November 7, 1862." It is easy to pose as a patriot twenty-three years after the disbandment of the victorious Union armies, but let us inquire where Voorhees was and what he was doing when Antietam was fought and Gettysburg won. On the 17th of June, 1863, about two weeks before Gettysburg was fought and Vicksburg fell, there was a mass-meeting of Democrats, 75,000 strong, assembled at Springfield, Ill., the home of Lincoln. This meeting cheered the traitor Vallandigham, whom Lincoln banished to the Confederate lines, and passed resolutions violently denouncing the further prosecution of the war and in favor of an immediate negotiation for peace. Among the speakers who addressed this meeting was Senator Voorhees, who now blubbers over the graves of Hancock and McClellan.

On April 9, 1864, Schuyler Colfax moved to expel Alexander Long, Representative from the Second Ohio district, for having "declared himself in debate in favor of recognizing the independence and nationality of the so-called Confederacy, then in arms against the Union." Harris, of Maryland, opposed this resolution in a speech full of sentiments still more outrageous than those of Long. A resolution was offered to expel Harris. On this resolution Voorhees, Fernando Wood, "Sunset" Cox, Holman, Randall and Pendleton all voted "no." On April 14 a resolution was offered simply censuring Long for having "used language unworthy of a member of this House in denouncing the further prosecution of the war and demanding the recognition of the independence and nationality of the Confederacy." On this resolution Voorhees voted "no." That is, while the war was raging Voorhees refused not only to expel but even to censure Long for his treasonable and seditious language.

On June 15, 1864, when the thirteenth amendment was first put upon its passage and defeated, Voorhees voted "no." The person who "with partisan malice struck down McClellan November 7, 1862," was no less a man than Abraham Lincoln, who wrote the order, as the fac-simile shows, every word of it with his own hand, for the reason, as he said, that the responsibility was his own, and the draft of the order should show that it was not regarded by him as a trivial document to be drawn by Halleck or Stanton and then formally signed by the President.

Voorhees stumped Ohio for Vallandigham for Governor in 1863, and in course of one of his speeches stigmatized the soldiers of the Union army as "Lincoln pups who ought to all wear a collar reading: 'I'm Abe Lincoln's dog; whose dog are you?'" And this is the man who weeps to-day over Union soldiers whom he says Ingalls has mocked and sneered at.—*Portland Oregonian (Ind.).*

DRIFT OF OPINION.

☞ Dakota has a population of seven hundred thousand people, chiefly in Southern Dakota. To keep it out of the Union is an outrage.—*N. Y. Independent.*

☞ I would like to refuse a second term; but I am in the hands of my friends, so that I haven't the requisite authority. That is why I weep.—*Grover Cleveland.*

☞ By the time the Democracy get through with Kentucky there won't be enough left to make it an object for a junk dealer to buy up the remnents at a second-hand sale.—*Cleveland Leader.*

☞ The change from the Dr. Jekyll, of the Reform Administration of 1885, to the Mr. Hyde, of the Presidential machine of 1888, was not quite as sudden as some that have been made on the dramatic stage; but it was complete enough to illustrate the idea.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

☞ The indorsement of Governor Gray for the Vice Presidency by the Indiana Democratic convention is a humiliating defeat to ex-Senator McDonald. Evidently, the Indiana Democrats love Mr. McDonald for the fun they have in disappointing his expectations.—*St. Louis-Globe Democrat.*

☞ The recent demonstrations of Senator Sherman's strength among the Ohio Republicans calls for another storm of bloody shirt howls from the Bourbon organs. The howls will be forthcoming, too. If there is one thing that the Sherman-haters can do better than another, it is to howl.—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞ "No one," observes a mugwump organ, complacently, "can truthfully charge the Administration with pushing forward the boom for Grover Cleveland's renomination." But it is bearing hard on the long arm of the lever to accomplish the same result, and the weight of the Administration is not far from three hundred pounds.—*Chicago Tribune.*